

Grandpa Got Runned Over By A John Deere

Cledus T. Judd

CHORUS

Grandpa got runned over by a John Deere
Walking home from the Moose Lodge Christmas Eve.
Now you can say there's no such thing as Santa,
But after suing John Deere, I believe...

He'd been a-guzzlin' old Jack Daniels
And smokin' that wacky weed-
He mixed it with his medication
And run off with some bleach-blonde named Bernice.

When we found him Christmas mornin'
We thought he had a heart attack.
But he had tar prints on his forehead
And incriminatin' hickies on his neck.
(ON HIS WHAT?)

CHORUS

But we're all ashamed of Grandpa.
He took Grandma's death too well.
Started watchin' porno movies
And engaging in phone sex with Cousin Belle.

It's a better Christmas without Grandpa
Last year in church, he mooned the choir.
At first, we thought it was Alzheimer's,
But looking back, we realized he was wired.

CHORUS

Yeah, I filed myself a lawsuit
And they awarded me two mil.
You know Grandpa didn't leave me nuthin',
But thanks to that old John Deere, he got killed.

Funny, all my friends and neigh-bras
Turned up on the grand jury,
(laughs) I bribed 'em like Johnny Cochran
Did when they set O.J. Simpson free.
GUIL-TY!

CHORUS (2x)